

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort.

Florish. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena 1. Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolyta, attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
To those above us: Let no due be wanting,

Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,
Ile leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthiest.

Exit Theseus, and his traine.

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
Against another: Arme oppress'd by Arme:

I

I would destroy th'offender, Cez, I would
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same place
To seate something I would confound: So hoyst we
The sayles, that must these vessells port even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Cosen
This I shall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so: Farewell Cez.

Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expells the seedes of feare, and th'apprehension
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me
Before the god of our profession: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearcenesse too,
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane:
Else wish we to be Snayles; you know my prize
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate
Must put my Garland on, where she stickes
The Queene of Flowers: our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the Campe, a Cestron
Brymd with the blood of men: give me your aide
And bend your spirits towards him. *They.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd
Greene Neptune into purple.
Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste Feild
Vneathed skulls proclaime, whose breath blowes do
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who dost plucke
With hand armed ypotent from forth blew cloudes
The masond Turrets, that both mak' it, and break' it